FIRST LOVE - ALBUM INTRODUCTION & LYRICS

First Love **is a small, glowing archive of beginnings - the kind that stays warm in the chest long after the moment has passed. These five songs trace the fragile beauty of early love: the breath-held wonder, the awkward bravery, the quiet voltage shared between two people who are only just learning the shape of their own hearts.**

Inspiration - from *They Call Us Éireál*

First Love **grew out of a handful of chapters in Owen Brennan's mythobiography *They Call Us Éireál*, where memory and myth sit side by side like two girls in long grass. Those pages hold the first sparks - the meadow nights, the constellations redrawn into private symbols on warm August evenings, the quiet spells cast without meaning to, the way a single look can change the air around you.**

They're stories of beginnings: the first time Éireál felt seen, the first time language softened into intimacy, the first time silence felt like a place to rest rather than something to fear. The tingle left on a lip after a kiss that shouldn't have mattered but did. The rowan tree that overheard a truth whispered too softly for the world. The awkward bravery of two young hearts learning their own shape.

These chapters didn't ask to become songs - they simply hummed until Éireál followed the sound. *First Love* is the echo of that hum, a small archive of tenderness carried forward from the mythobiography into melody, harmony, and breath.

The songs on this EP rise directly from those moments.

"Love Letters in the Stars" opens with wonder: two girls lying in the grass, rewriting the constellations into something that belongs only to them.

"Sea Salt & Waterfalls" follows the ache of a first spell — the kind of love that leaves a trace on the body, returning with every shift of wind.

"Messy and Honest and Strange" becomes the heart of the EP, a duet between Éireál and OB Branán. Their voices meet in the middle of the story, carrying the sweetness, awkwardness, and courage of two people falling into something real. OB's warmth grounds the song, giving the EP a second heartbeat — a counter-voice that feels lived-in, steady, and deeply human.

"Underneath the Listening" sits in the quiet places where love teaches us how to hear ourselves.

"The First Spell" closes the circle, revisiting the beginning with tenderness, acknowledging that first loves rarely stay — but they shape us, mark us, and teach us how to sing.

***First Love* isn't a story of perfection. It's a story of truth — the kind that blushes, stumbles, hums under its breath, and lingers like a soft flare in the dark. These songs honour the girls who reached up high, the magic they found, and the gentle way first love continues to echo through a life.**

This album is a keepsake of that echo.

This song my book and other material can be found at: Owen Brennan Archive at:
https://archive.org/details/@owen_brennan_archive

Love letters In The Stars - Artist: Éireál

Grass beneath our shoulders, cool and deep
You point to Orion, I find the Plough
But tonight we're artists, secrets to keep
Drawing new pictures with whispered vows

Fingers trace the sky like silver thread
Connecting distant lights to make them ours
A heart appears where hunters once were led
We're writing love letters in the stars

The constellations lean a little closer
Listening to the stories that we weave
In this meadow where the world grows slower
And magic is something we believe
The universe holds its breath tonight
As we paint romance across the light

You dare me closer, grass stains on my dress
Your laugh like music in the evening air
We shape the stars into lips, I confess
My heart beats wild beneath your gentle stare

Signus becomes a symbol of belonging
Cassiopeia spells out both our names
The night sky hums a soft and tender song
As we discover love's sweetest games

The constellations lean a little closer
Listening to the stories that we weave
In this meadow where the world grows slower
And magic is something we believe
The universe holds its breath tonight
As we paint romance across the light

Your lips taste like summer and starlight
This moment suspended between earth and sky
We're writing our future in silver bright
Two girls who dared to reach up high

The constellations lean a little closer
Listening to the stories that we weave
In this meadow where the world grows slower
And magic is something we believe
The universe holds its breath tonight
As we paint romance across the light

Mmm-hmm, mmm-hmm
In the grass where we learned to fly
Mmm-hmm, mmm-hmm
Underneath the listening sky

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Sea Salt & Water Falls - Artist: Éireál

She had raven hair that caught light like secrets
When she leaned close, the air changed its way
Not with drama, just that quiet shifting
Like a candle lit at the end of day
Her kiss was peculiar magic, strange and true
Left an electrical ache the morning through

Thought I was allergic to her gentle spell
Every time we touched, that tingling stayed
As if my mouth remembered something well
A forgotten charm that never would fade
Only there, in that one small sacred space
A soft flare of her, time could not erase

We were sharing voltage meant for poetry
And minor thunderstorms that never came
I never told her what she meant to me
But even now I feel it just the same

When the wind smells like sea salt and waterfalls
I catch that tingling ghost inside my lip
You were the first spell I never meant to cast
The first love that taught my heart to skip
Sea salt and waterfalls, they call me back
To the magic we shared on that winding track

Her eyes reflected stars we hadn't seen
Sleeves too long, sentences wandering free
We met through poetry, as fate would deem
She corrected my Gaelic tenderly
Said a poem should feel like held breath blooming
That's exactly how she left me, heart consuming

By the whin bush near the old Rowan tree
Pressed her forehead close and whispered low
"Éireál, you don't need to sparkle to be seen by me"
And I believed her, let that truth take hold
When she looked at me with those knowing eyes
Even silence felt like lullabies

We were sharing voltage meant for poetry
And minor thunderstorms that never came
I never told her what she meant to me
But even now I feel it just the same

When the wind smells like sea salt and waterfalls ....

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Messy and Honest and Strange - ***Artists: OB Branán & Éireál***

I don't know how to start this
But I guess that's the point ***(OB spoken)***

I've been staring at my phone for twenty minutes
Typing messages I'll never send
Your coffee cup still sits beside mine

From yesterday, I can't pretend
That I don't notice how you bite your lip
When you're thinking hard about something
Or how my hands shake when you're close
Like I'm seventeen and stumbling (*OB Branán*)

I used to think love was supposed to be
Some movie scene with perfect lines
But here I am, forgetting words
When you look at me and smile
Your sweater's got a hole near the elbow
You always wear those beaten shoes
And somehow that's more beautiful
Than anything I thought I knew .. (*Éireál*)

This is what first love feels like
Messy and honest and strange
Not the way they write about it
But better in every way
I'm learning your quiet language
The way you hum when you're content
This is what first love feels like
And I don't want it to end .. (*OB Branán*)

We walked for hours talking about nothing
And everything all at once
You told me about your childhood dog
I shared my secret fears and wants

There's something brave about the way
You let me see you without walls
Like we're both learning how to fall
Without worrying about the fall (*OB Branán*)

This is what first love feels like
Messy and honest and strange
Not the way they write about it
But better in every way
I'm learning your quiet language
The way you hum when you're content
This is what first love feels like
And I don't want it to end (both)

I don't need grand gestures
Or promises we can't keep
Just this moment, just your hand
Just the way you make me believe
That awkward can be beautiful
That real is better than right (*OB Branán*)

I still don't know how to end this
But maybe that's okay too ... *(OB spoken)*

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Underneath the Listening - Artist: Éireál

Heather beneath us, soft as prayers
You trace the Bear, I find the Swan
But we're cartographers tonight, drawing affairs
Of hearts that beat where stars are drawn

Your finger maps a path through space
Connecting lights like scattered pearls
A lover's knot appears in place
Of ancient myths, we're writing ours
We're shaping stories in the dark
Whispering wishes to the sky

Each constellation bears our mark
Two souls learning how to fly
The heavens bend to hear us speak
Of love that makes the starlight weak

Cool grass tickles through my dress
Your breath warm against the evening chill
We paint the Pleiades with tenderness
And dare the universe to feel

Cassiopeia becomes a crown
For queens who rule this meadow throne
The Northern Cross points not to town
But to a place we've made our own

We're shaping stories in the dark
Whispering wishes to the sky
Each constellation bears our mark
Two souls learning how to fly
The heavens bend to hear us speak
Of love that makes the starlight weak

Your hand finds mine between the stems
This moment holds like captured breath
We're writing love in silver gems
Across the sky's embroidered depth

We're shaping stories in the dark
Whispering wishes to the sky
Each constellation bears our mark
Two souls learning how to fly
The heavens bend to hear us speak
Of love that makes the starlight weak

Mmm-hmm, mmm-hmm
In the grass where hearts take wing
Mmm-hmm, mmm-hmm
Underneath the listening

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The First Spell - Artist Éireál

She had raven hair that caught light like secrets
When she leaned close, the air changed its tune
Not with drama, just that quiet shifting
Like a candle lit in a forgotten room
Her kiss was peculiar magic, strange and true
Left a tingle in my lip the morning through

Thought I was allergic to her gentle spell
Every time we touched, that electrical ache
As if my mouth remembered something well
A forgotten charm for poetry's sake
Only there, in that one small sacred place
A soft flare of her, time cannot erase

You were the first spell I never meant to cast
Voltage meant for poetry and storms
Now when the wind smells of sea salt at last
I feel that tingling ghost transform
Éireál, you made my silences sing
First love's the truest, most honest thing

Her eyes reflected stars we hadn't seen
Sleeves too long, sentences that wandered free
We met through poetry, as it should have been
She corrected my Gaelic tenderly
Said a poem should feel like held breath blooming
That's exactly how she left me, heart consuming

By the whin bush near the old Rowan tree
Pressed her forehead close and whispered low
"Éireál, you don't have to sparkle to be seen by me"
And I believed her, let that truth take hold
When she looked at me with those knowing eyes
Even silence felt like lullabies

Chorus
You were the first spell I never meant to cast
Voltage meant for poetry and storms
Now when the wind smells of sea salt at last
I feel that tingling ghost transform
Éireál, you made my silences sing
First love's the truest, most honest thing

It didn't last, first loves never do
If they're honest, they drift like sea foam
No sharp ending, just the gentle truth
That leaves a mark where you were held, where you called home
(Outro whispered,)
A dream once asked what I remember most?.....

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This is a rewrite of Sea Salt & Water Falls

From the album - First Love - songs by Éireál & OB Branan
Inspired by Owen's mythobiography - They Call Us Éireál